

A military haircut

Pat Froud is a friend of our family. She is a retired veterinary surgeon. She married (later in life than most people nowadays) Retired Colonel Sydney Froud, late of the Royal Artillery. More important for my story Pat, before her marriage, had been the (dare I say it) darling daughter of two professionals and therefore not used to being “mucked about” certainly not by such small fry as hairdressers.

One day she walked into the hairdressers’ establishment that I had been using for years and told the manageress in a voice that could probably be heard for some distance “My husband is a Colonel in the Royal Artillery and he has told a Junior Officer who is a customer of yours to get his hair cut. Unfortunately this Junior Officer is in Savernake Hospital, having had a stroke.” Pat strode out of the hairdressers breathing fire and fury. The clients in the shop were delighted with the scene – just disappointed that no blood was flowing.

By the time that Pat arrived at the hospital to witness the fun one of the hairdressers had already reached the hospital and was asking for my whereabouts.